SAINT PETERS COMPLAINT.

Newlie augmented

With other Poems.

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THE AVTHOR TO HIS LOVING Cosin.

Oets by abusing theyr talent, and making the follies and faynings of loue the coustomarie subiect of theyr base endeuours, haue so discredited thys facultie, that a Poet, a Louer, and a Lyar, are by many reckoned but three wordes of one signification. But the vanitie of men, cannot counterpoyse the authoritie of God, who deliuering many parts of Scripture in verse, and by his Apostle willing vs to exercise our deuotion in Himnes & spirituall Sonnets, warranteth the Art to be good, and the vse allowable. And therefore, not onely among the Heathen, whose Gods were cheifely canonized by theyr Poets, and theyr Paynim Diuintie oracled in verse: but euen in the old and Newe Testament, it hath beene vsed by men of greatest pietie, in matters of most deuotion. Christ himselfe by making a Himne, the conclusion of his last Supper, and the Prologue to the first Pageant of his Passion, gaue his Spouse a methode to immitate, as in the office of the Church it appeareth, and to all men a patterne to knowe the true vse of this measured and footed stile. But the deuill, as he affecteth Deitie, and seeketh to haue all the complements of Diuine honour applyed to his seruice, so hath hee among the rest possessed also most Poets with his idle fansies. For

in lieu of ſolemne and deuout matter, to which in duty they owe theyr abilities, they now buſie themſelues in expreſſing ſuch paſſions, as onely ſerue for teſtimonies to how vnwoorthy affections they haue wedded their wills. And becauſe the beſt courſe to let them ſee the errour of their vvorks, is to vveaue a nevv vvebbe in their ovvne loome, I haue heere layde a fevve courſe threds together, to inuite ſome skilfuller vvits to goe forvvard in the ſame, or to beginne ſome finer peece: vvherein it may be ſeene hovv vvell verſe and vertue ſute together. Blame mee not (good Coſin,) though I ſend you a blame-vvorthy preſent, in vvhich the moſt that can commend it, is the good-vvill of the Writer, neither Arte nor inuention giuing it any credite. If in mee this be a fault, you cannot be faultleſſe that did importune me to commit it, & therfore you muſt beare part of the pennance, vvhen it ſhall pleaſe ſharpe cenſures to impoſe it. In the meane time, vvith many good vviſhes I ſend you theſe fevve ditties, adde you the tunes, and let the Meane, I pray you be ſtill a part in all your Muſick.

The.

The Authour to the *Reader.*

DEare eye that dooſt peruſe my Muſes ſtile,
VVith eaſie cenſure deeme of my delight:
Giue ſobreſt countnance leaue ſomtime to ſmile,
And graueſt wits to take a breathing flight;
Of mirth to make a trade, may be a crime,
But tyred ſpirits for mirth muſt haue a time.

The lofty Eagle ſoares not ſtill aboue,
High flights will force her from the wing to ſtoupe,
And ſtudious thoughts at times men muſt remoue,
Leaſt by exceſſe before their time they droupe.
In courſer ſtudies tis a ſweet repoſe,
VVith Poets pleaſing vaine to temper proſe.

Prophane conceits and fayning fits I flie,
Such lawleſſe ſtuffe doth lawleſſe ſpeeches fit:
vvith Dauid verſe to vertue I applie,
vvhoſe meaſure beſt with meaſured words doth fit:
It is the ſweeteſt note that man can ſing,
vvhen grace in vertues key tunes natures ſtring.

THE AVTHOR TO THE READER.

DEare eye that dayneſt to let fall a looke,
On theſe ſad memories of PETERS *plaints:*
Muſe not to ſee ſome mud in cleareſt Brooke,
They once were brittle mould that now are Saints.
Theyr weakenes is no warrant to offend,
Learne by their faults, what in thine owne to mend.

If Equities euen-hand the ballance held,
Where PETERS *ſinnes & ours were made the weights:*
Ounce for his dramme, pound for his ounce we yeeld,
His ſhip would groane to feele ſome ſinners freights.
So ripe is vice, ſo greene is vertues bud:
The world doth waxe in ill, but waine in good.

This makes my mourning Muſe reſolue in teares,
This theames my heauy penne to plaine in proſe,
CHRISTS *thorne is ſharpe, no head his Garland weares:*
Still fineſt wits are ſtilling VENVS *Roſe,*
In Paynim toyes the ſweeteſt vaines are ſpent,
To Chriſtian works, few haue their talents lent.

Lycence my ſingle penne to ſeeke a pheere,
You heauenly ſparks of wit, ſhew natiue light:
Cloude not with miſtie loues your Orient cleere,
Sweet flights you ſhoote, learne once to leuell right.
Fauour my wiſh, well-wiſhing works no ill,
I moone the Sute, the Graunt reſts in your will.

SAINT

SAINT PETERS
Complaint.

LAunch forth my ſoule into a maine of teares,
Full fraught with griefe, the traffick of thy mind:
Torne ſailes will ſerue, thoughts rent with guiltie feares:
Giue care the ſterne, vſe ſighs in lieu of wind:
Remorſe, thy Pilot: thy miſdeede, thy Card:
Torment thy Hauen, ſhipwrack thy beſt reward,

Shun not the ſhelfe of moſt deſerued ſhame:
Sticke in the ſands of agonizing dread:
Content thee to be ſtormes and billowes game:
Diuorc'd from grace thy ſoule to pennance wed:
Fly not from forreine euils, fly from thy hart:
VVorſe then the worſt of euils is that thou art.

Giue vent vnto the vapours of thy breſt,
That thicken in the brimmes of cloudy eyes:
VVhere ſinne was hatch'd, let teares now waſh the neſt,
VVhere life was loſt, recouer life with cryes.
Thy treſpaſſe foule, let not thy teares be few:
Baptize thy ſpotted ſoule in weeping dew.

Fly mournfull plaints, the Ecchoes of my ruth;
VVhoſe ſcreeches in my freighted conſcience ring:
Sob out my ſorrowes, fruites of mine vntruth:
Report the ſmart of ſinnes infernall ſting.
Tell harts that languiſh in the ſorrieſt plight,
There is on earth a farre more ſorry wight.

A ſorry wight, the obiect of diſgrace,
The monument of feare, the map of ſhame,
The mirrour of miſhap, the ſtaine of place,
The ſcorne of time, the infamy of fame:
An excrement of earth, to heauen hatefull,
Iniurious to man, to God vngratefull.

Ambitious heads, dreame you of Fortunes pride:
Fill volumes with your forged Goddeſſe prayſe,
You fancies drudges, plung'd in follies tide:
Deuote your fabling wits to louers layes:
Be you, ô ſharpeſt griefes that euer wrung,
Text to my thoughts, Theame to my playning tung.

Sad ſubiect of my ſinne hath ſtoard my minde,
VVith euerlaſting matter of complaint:
My threnes an endleſſe Alphabet doe finde,
Beyond the pangs which Ieremie doth paint.
That eyes with errors may iuſt meaſure keepe,
Moſt teares I wiſh that haue moſt cauſe to weepe.

All

All weeping eyes reſine your teares to me:
A ſea will ſcantly rince my ordur'd ſoule:
Huge horrours in high tides muſt drowned be,
Of euery teare my crime exacteth tole.
Theſe ſtaines are deepe: few drops, take out no ſuch:
Euen ſalue with ſore: and moſt, is not too much.

I fear'd with life, to die; by death to liue:
I left my guide, now left, and leauing God.
To breath in bliſſe, I fear'd my breath to giue:
I fear'd for heauenly raigne, an earthly rod.
Theſe feares I fear'd, feares feeling no miſhaps:
O fond, ô faint, ô falſe, ô faulty laps.

How can I liue, that thus my life deni'd:
VVhat can I hope, that loſt my hope in feare?
VVhat truſt to one, that truth it ſelfe defi'd?
VVhat good in him, that did his God forſweare?
O ſinne, of ſinnes, of euils, the very worſt:
O matchleſſe wretch: ô caitiffe moſt accurſt.

Vaine in my vaunts, I vowd if friends had fail'd
Alone *Chriſts* hardeſt fortunes to abide:
Giant in talke, like dwarfe, in triall quaild:
Excelling none, but in vntruth and pride.
Such diſtance is betweene high words and deeds:
In proofe the greateſt vaunter ſeldome ſpeeds.

Ah raſhnes haſtie riſe to murdering leape,
Lauiſh in vowing, blind, in ſeeing what:
Soone ſowing ſhames, that long remorſe muſt reape:
Nurcing with teares; that ouer-ſight begat;
Scoin of repentance, harbinger of blame,
Treaſon to wiſedome, mother of ill name.

The borne-blind begger, for receiued ſight,
Iohn. 9. Faſt in his faith and loue, to *Chriſt* remain'd,
He ſtooped to no feare, he fear'd no might,
No change his choice; no threats his truth diſtain'd.
One wonder wrought him in his dutie ſure:
I, after thouſands, did my Lord abiure.

Could ſeruile feare of rendring natures due,
VVhich growth in yeeres was ſhortly like to claime,
So thrall my loue, that I ſhould thus eſchue
A vowed death, and miſſe ſo faire an ayme?
Die, die, diſloyall wretch, thy life deteſt:
For ſauing thine, thou haſt forſworne the beſt.

Ah life, ſweet drop, drownd in a ſea of ſowers,
A flying good, poſting to doubtfull end,
Still looſing months and yeeres to gaine new howers:
Faine, time to haue, and ſpare, yet forſt to ſpend:
Thy growth, decreaſe, a moment all thou haſt:
That gone, ere knowne: the reſt, to come, or paſt.

Ah

Ah lyfe, the maze of countleſſe ſtraying waies,
Open to erring ſteps, and ſtrow'd with baits,
To winde weake ſences into endleſſe ſtrayes,
A looſe from vertues rough vnbeaten ſtraights;
A flower, a play, a blaſt, a ſhade, a dreame,
A liuing death, a neuer turning ſtreame.

And could I rate ſo high a life ſo baſe?
Did feare with loue caſt ſo veneuen account,
That for this goale I ſhould runne Iudas race,
And Caiphas rage in cruelty ſurmount?
Yet they eſteemed thirty pence his price.
I, worſe then both, for naught deny'd him thrice. *Math, 26*

The mother ſea from ouerflowing deepes,
Sends forth her iſſue by diuided vaines:
Yet back her of-ſpring to their mother creepes,
To pay their pureſt ſtreames with added gaines;
But I, that drunke the drops of heauenly flud,
Bemyr'd the guier with returning mud.

Is thys the harueſt of his ſowing toyle?
Did *Chriſt* manure thy hart to breede him briers?
Or doth it neede this vnaccuſtom'd ſoyle,
VVith heliſh dung to fertile heauens deſires?
No, no, the Marle that periuries doth yield,
May ſpoyle a good, not fat a barraine field.

VVas this for beſt deſerts the dueſt meede?
Are higheſt worthes well wag'de with ſpitefull hire?
Are ſtouteſt vowes repeal'd in greateſt neede?
Should friendſhip at the firſt affront retire?
Bluſh crauen ſot, lurke in eternall night:
Crouch in the darkeſt caues from loathed light.

Math. 16. Ah wretch, why was I nam'd ſonne of a doue,
VVhoſe ſpeeches voyded ſpight, and breathed gall?
No kin I am vnto the birde of loue:
My ſtony name much better ſutes my fall,
My othes were ſtones; my cruell tongue the ſling:
My God, the mark: at which my ſpight did fling.

VVere all the Iewiſh tiranies too few,
To glut thy hungry lookes with his diſgrace:
That thou more hatefull tirannies muſt ſhew:
And ſpet thy poyſon in thy Makers face?
Iohn, 16. Didſt thou to ſpare his foes put vp thy ſword:
To brandiſh now thy tongue againſt thy Lord?

Ah tongue, that didſt his prayſe and God-head ſound,
How wert thou ſtain'd with ſuch deteſting words,
That euery word was to his hart a wound,
And launſt him deeper then a thouſand ſwords?
VVhat rage of man, yea what infernall ſpirit,
Could haue diſgorg'd more loathſome dregs of ſpite?

VVhy

VVhy did the yeelding ſea like marble way
Support a wretch more wauering then the waues? *Mat. 14.*
VVhom doubt did plunge, why did the water ſtay?
Vnkind, in kindnes: murthering, while it ſaues?
O that this tongue had then been fiſhes foode,
And I deuour'd before this curſing mocde.

Their ſurges, depths, and ſeas vnfirme by kind,
Rough guſts, and diſtance both from ſhip & ſhoare,
VVere titles to excuſe my ſtaggering mind,
Stout feet might falter on that liquid floare.
But heere, no ſeas, no blaſts, no billowes were,
A puffe of womans wind bred all my feare.

O coward troups, far better arm'd then harted, *Iohn, 15.*
VVhom angry words, whō blowes could not prouoke,
VVhom thogh I taught how ſore my weapon ſmarted,
Yet none repaide me with a wounding ſtroke.
O no: that ſtroke could but one moity kill,
I was reſeru'd both halfes at once to ſpill.

Ah, whether was forgotten loue exilde?
VVhere did the truth of pledged promiſe ſleepe?
VVhat in my thoughts begat this vgly child,
That could through rented ſoule thus fircely creepe?
O viper, feare their death by whom thou liueſt,
All good thy ruines wreck, all euils thou giueſt,

Threats threw me not, torments I none affayd:
My fray, with ſhades: conceits did make me yield,
VVounding my thoughts with feares: ſelfely diſmayd,
I neyther fought nor loſt, I gaue the field:
Infamous foyle: a Maidens eaſie breath,
Did blow me downe, and blaſt my ſoule to death.

Math, 16. Titles I make vntruths, am I a rocke?
That with ſo ſoft a gale was ouer-throwne?
Am I fit Paſtor for the faithfull flocke,
To guide their ſoules, that murdred thus mine owne?
Mar. 9, A rocke of ruine, not a reſt to ſtay,
A Paſtor, not to feede, but to betray.

Fidelitie was flowne, when feare was hatched,
Incompatible broode in vertues neſt:
Courage can leſſe with cowardiſe be matched,
Proweſſe nor loue lodg'd in deuided breſt;
O Adams child, caſt by a ſillie Eue,
Heire to thy Fathers foyles, and borne to grieue.

Mat, 17. In Thabors ioyes I eger was to dwell,
Iohn, 21. An earneſt friend while pleaſures light did ſhine,
Math, 16. But when eccliſpſed glory proſtrate fell,
Theſe zealous heates to ſleepe I did reſigne;
And now, my mouth hath thriſe his name defil'd,
That cry'd ſo loude three dwellings there to build.

VVhen

VVhen *Christ* attending the distressefull hower,
VVith his surcharged brest did blesse the ground,
Prostrate in pangs, rayning a bleeding shower,
Me, like my selfe, a drowsie friend he fonnd;
Thrise in his care, sleepe closd my careless eye,
Presage, how him my tongue should thrise deny.

Parting from *Christ*, my fainting force declin'd,
VVith lingring foote I followed him a loose,
Base feare out of my hart his loue vnshrin'd, *Mark. 14. Luke, 22.*
Huge in high words, but impotent in proose;
My vaunts did seeme hatcht vnder Sampsons locks,
Yet womans words did giue me murdring knocks.

So farre luke warme desires in crasie loue,
Farre off in neede with feeble foote they traine;
In tydes they swim, low ebbes they scorne to proue,
They seeke theyr friends delights, but shun their paine.
Hire of a hireling minde is earned shame:
Take now thy due: beare thy begotten blame.

Ah, coole remisnes, vertues quartane feuer,
Pyning of loue, consumption of grace:
Old in the cradle, languor dying euer,
Soules wilfull famine, sinnes soft stealing pace,
The vndermining euil of zealous thoughr,
Seeming to bring no harmes till all be brought,

O por-

O portreſſe of the doore of my diſgrace;
VVhoſe tongue, vnlockt the truth of vowed mind;
VVhoſe words, from cowards hart did courage chaſe,
Iohn 18. And let in death-full feares my ſoule to blind,
O hadſt thou been the portreſſe to my tombe:
VVhen thou wert portreſſe to that curſed roome.

Yet loue, was loath to part; feare, loath to die:
Stay, danger life, did counterplead their cauſes:
I fauouring ſtay, and life, bad danger flie:
But danger did except againſt theſe clauſes.
Yet ſtay, and liue, I would, and danger ſhunne:
And loſt my ſelfe, while I my verdict wonne.

I ſtayde, yet did my ſtaying fartheſt part:
I liu'd; but ſo, that ſauing life, I loſt it:
Danger I ſhun'd, but to my ſorer ſmart:
I gayned nought, but deeper domage croſt it,
VVhat danger, diſtance, death is worſe then this,
That runnes from God and ſpoiles his ſoule of bliſſe?

Ioh, 18, 16 O *Iohn* my guide into this earthly hell,
Too well acquainted in ſo ill a court,
VVhere rayling mouthes with blaſphemies did ſwell,
VVith taynted breath infecting all reſort.
VVhy didſt thou lead me to this hell of euils:
To ſhew my ſelfe a fiend among the deuils?

Euill

Euill preſident, the tyde that waſts to vice,
Dumme Orator, that woes with ſilent deeds,
VVriting in works leſſons of ill aduiſe,
The doing tale that eye in practiſe reedes:
Taſter of ioyes: to vnacquainted hunger:
VVith leauen of the old, ſeaſoning the younger.

It ſeemes no fault to doe that all haue done:
The number of offenders hides the ſinne:
Coach drawne with many horſe, doth eaſely runne,
Soone followeth one where multitudes beginne.
O, had I in that court much ſtronger bin;
Or not ſo ſtrong as firſt to enter in.

Sharpe was the weather in that ſtormy place, *Iohn 18.*
Beſt ſuting harts benum'd with helliſh froſt,
VVhoſe cruſted malice could admit no grace,
VVhere coales were kindled to the warmers coſt.
VVhere feare, my thoughts canded with yſie cold:
Heate, did my tongue to periuries vnfold.

O hatefull fire (ah that I euer ſaw it)
Too hard my hart was frozen for thy force,
Farre hotter flames it did require to thaw it,
Thy hell reſembling heate did freeze it worſe,
O that I rather had congeal'd to yſe,
Then bought thy warm'th at ſuch a damning price.

Mat. 26. O wakefull bird, proclaimer of the day,
Mark. 14. VVhoſe piercing note doth daunt the Lions rage:
Thy crowingdid my ſelfe to me bewray,
My frights, and brutiſh heates it did aſwage.
But ô, in this alone vnppay Cocke:
That thou to count my foyles wert made the clocke.

O bird, the iuſt rebuker of my crime,
The faithfull waker of my ſleeping feares:
Be now the daily clocke to ſtrike the time,
VVhen ſtinted eyes ſhall pay their taske of teares.
Vpbraide mine eares with thine accuſing crow:
To make me rew that firſt it made me know.

O milde reuenger of aſpering pride,
Thou canſt diſmount high thoughts to low effects:
Thou mad'ſt a Cocke me for my fault to chide,
My lofty boaſts this lowly bird corrects.
VVell might a Cocke correct me with a crow:
VVhom henniſh cackling firſt did ouer-throw.

VVeake weapons did Golias fumes abate,
VVhoſe ſtorming rage did thunder threats in vaine:
1. Reg. 17. His body huge, harneſt with maſsie plate,
Yet Dauids ſtone brought death into his braine.
VVith ſtaffe and ſling as to a dog he came:
And with contempt did boaſting fury tame.

Yet

Yet Dauid had with Beare and Lyon fought,
His skilfull might excuſd Golias foyle:
The death is eaſd that worthy hand hath wrought,
Some honour liues in honorable ſpoyle;
But I on whom all infamies muſt light,
VVas hiſd to death with words of womens ſpight.

Small gnats enforſt th'Egiptian King to ſtoupe, *Exod.8.*
Yet they in ſwarmes and arm'd with piercing ſtings:
Smart, noyſe, annoyance, made his courage droupe,
No ſmall incombrance ſuch ſmall vermine brings:
I quaild at words that neither bit nor ſtung,
And thoſe deliuered from a womans tung.

Ah feare, abortiue impe of drouping mind:
Selfe ouer-throw; falſe friend; roote of remorce:
Sighted, in ſeeing euils; in ſhunning blind:
Foyld without field; by fancie not by force;
Ague of valour; phrenſie of the wiſe;
True honours ſtaine; loues froſt; the mint of lies.

Can vertue, wiſedome, ſtrength by women ſpild
In Dauids, Salomons, and Sampſons falls,
VVith ſemblance of excuſe my errour guild,
Or lend a marble gloſe to muddy walls? *2.Reg.11.*
O no, their fault had ſhow of ſome pretence, *3.Reg.11.*
No veyle can hide the ſhame of my offence. *Iudg.16.*

The blaze of beauties beames allur'd their looke,
Their lookes, by ſeeing oft, conceiued loue:
Loue, by affecting, ſwollowed pleaſures hookes:
Thus beauty, loue, and pleaſure them did moue.
Theſe Syrens ſurged tunes rockt them a ſleepe:
Enough, to damne, yet not to damne ſo deepe.

But gracious features dazeled not mine eies,
Two homely droyles were authors of my death:
Not loue, but feare, my ſences did ſurprize:
Not feare of force, but feare, of womans breath.
And thoſe vnarm'd, ill grac'd, deſpis'd, vnknowne:
So baſe a blaſt my truth hath ouer-throwne.

O women, woe to men: traps for their falls,
Still actors in all tragicall miſchances:
Earths neceſſary euils, captiuing thralls,
Now murdring with your tongs, now with your glan-
Parents of life, and loue: ſpoylers of both, (ces,
The theeues of harts: falſe do you loue or loth.

In time, ô Lord, thine eyes with mine did meete,
In them I reade the ruines of my fall:
Their chearing rayes that made misfortune ſweete,
Luk. 22. Into my guilty thoughts pourd floods of gall,
Their heauenly looks that bleſt where they beheld,
Darts of diſdaine, and angry checks did yeeld.

O ſacred

O ſacred eyes, the ſprings of liuing light,
The eathly heauens, where Angels ioy to dwell:
How could you deigne to view my deathfull plight,
Or let your heauenly beames looke on my hell?
But thoſe vnſpotted eyes encountred mine,
As ſpotleſſe Sunne doth on the dunghill ſhine.

Sweet volumes ſtoard with learning fit for Saints,
VVhere blisfull quires imparadize their minds,
VVherein eternall ſtudy neuer faints,
Still finding all, yet ſeeking all it finds,
How endleſſe is your laborinth of bliſſe,
VVhere to be loſt the ſweeteſt finding is?

Ah wretch how oft haue I ſweet leſſons read,
In thoſe deare eyes the regiſters of truth?
How oft haue I my hungry wiſhes fed,
And in their happy ioyes redreſs'd my ruth?
Ah that they now are Heralds of diſdaine:
That erſt were euer pittiers of my paine.

You flames diuine that ſparkle out your heats,
And kindle pleaſing fires in mortall harts:
You Nectar'd Aumbryes of ſoule feeding meates,
You gracefull quiuers of loues deereſt darts:
You did vouchſafe to warme, to wound, to feaſt,
My cold, my ſtony, my now famiſh'd breaſt.

The matchles eyes, match'd onely each by other,
VVere pleaſd on my ill matched eyes to glaunce:
The eye of liquid pearle, the pureſt mother,
Broch'd teares in mine to weepe for my miſchance
The cabinets of grace vnlockt their treaſure,
And did to my miſdeed their mercies meaſure.

Theſe blazing Commets, lightning flames of loue,
Made me their warming influence to know;
My frozen hart their ſacred force did proue,
VVhich at their looks did yeeld like melting ſnow,
They did not ioyes in former plenty carue,
Yet ſweete are crums where pined thoughts doe ſtarue.

O liuing mirrours, ſeeing whom you ſhew,
VVhich equall ſhadows worths with ſhadowed things:
Yea make things nobler then in natiue hew,
By being ſhap'd in thoſe life-gyuing ſprings;
Much more my image in thoſe eyes was grac'd,
Then in my ſelfe, whom ſinne and ſhame defac'd.

All-ſeeing eyes, more worth then all you ſee,
Of which one is the others onely price:
I worthleſſe am, direct your beames on mee,
VVith quickning vertue cure my killing vice.
By ſeeing things, you make things worth the ſight,
You ſeeing, ſalue, and being ſeene delight.

O Pooles

O Pooles of Heſebon, the baths of grace,
VVhere happy ſpirits diue in ſweet deſires: *Cant.7, 3.*
VVhere Saints reioyce to glaſſe their glorious face,
VVhoſe banks make Eccho to the Angels quires,
An Eccho ſweeter in the ſole rebound,
Then Angels muſick in the fulleſt ſound.

O eyes, whoſe glaunces are a ſilent ſpeech,
In cipherd words high miſteries diſcloſing:
VVhich with a looke all Sciences can teach,
VVhoſe textes to faithfull hartes need little gloſing:
VVitneſſe vnworthy I, who in a looke,
Learn'd more by rote, then all the ſcribes by booke.

Tough malice ſtill poſſeſt their hardned minds,
I, though too hard, learn'd ſoftnes in thine eye,
VVhich yron knots of ſtubborne will vnbinds,
Offring them loue, that loue with loue will buy,
This did I learne, yet they could not diſcerne it,
But woe, that I had now ſuch neede to learne it.

O Sunnes, all but your ſelues in light excelling,
VVhoſe preſence, day, whoſe abſence cauſeth night,
VVhoſe neighbour courſe, brings Sommer, cold expel-
VVhoſe diſtant periods freeze away delight. ling,
Ah, that I loſt your bright and foſtring beames,
To plunge my ſoule in theſe congealed ſtreames.

O graci-

O gracious ſpheres where loue the Center is,
A natiue place for our ſelfe-loaden ſoules:
The compaſſe, loue, a cope that none can miſs,
The motion, loue t hat round about vs rowles:
O Spheres of loue, whoſe Center, cope, and motion,
Is loue of vs, loue t hat inuites deuotion.

O little worlds, the ſummes of all the beſt,
VVhere glory, heauen, God, ſoone, all vertues, ſtars;
VVhere fire a loue that next to heauen doth reſt,
Ayre, light of life, that no diſtemper marres;
The water, grace, whoſe ſeas, whoſe ſpringes, whoſe
Cloth natures earth with euerlaſting flowers. (ſhowers

VVhat mixtures theſe ſweet elements do yeeld,
Let happy worldlings of thoſe worlds expound,
But ſimples are by compounds farre exceld,
Both ſute a place, where all beſt things abound.
And if a baniſht wretch geſſe not amiſſe:
All but one compound frame of perfect bliſſe.

I, out-caſt from theſe worlds exiled rome,
Poore Saint, from heauen, from fire cold Salamander:
Loſt fiſh; from thoſe ſweet waters kindly home,
From land of life, ſtray'd pilgrim ſtill I wander.
I know the cauſe: theſe worlds had neuer hell
In which my faults haue beſt deſeru'd to dwell.

O Be-

O Bethelem ceſterns, *Dauids* moſt deſire,
From which my ſinnes like fierce Philiſtims keepe, 2, Reg. 23.
To fetch your drops what Champions ſhould I hire,
That I therein my withered hard may ſteepe.
I would not ſhed them like that holy King,
His were but tipes, theſe are the figured thing.

O Turtle twins all bath'd in virgins milke,
Vpon the margin of full flowing banks: Can. 5, 11. 12.
VVhoſe gracefull plume ſurmounts the fineſt ſilke,
VVhoſe ſight enamoreth heauens moſt happy ranks,
Could I forſweare this heauenly payre of Doues,
That cag'd in care for me were groning loues.

Twiſe *Moſes* wand did ſtrike the ſtubborne Rock
Ere ſtony veynes would yeeld their chriſtall blood: Exd. 17. verſe 6.
Thy eyes, one looke ſeru'd as an onely knocke,
To make my hart guſh out a weeping flood.
VVherein my ſinnes as fiſhes ſpawne their frie,
To ſhew their inward ſhames, and then to die.

But ô, how long demurre I on his eyes,
VVhoſe looke did pearce my hart with healing wound:
Launcing impoſtumd ſore of periurd lyes,
VVhich theſe two iſſues of mine eyes hath found:
VVhere runne it muſt, till death the iſſues ſtop,
And penall life hath purg'd the finall drop.

Like ſoleſt Swan that ſwims in ſilent deepe,
And neuer ſings but obſequies of death,
Sigh out thy plaints, and ſole in ſecret weepe,
In ſuing pardon, ſpend thy periurd breath,
Attire thy ſoule in ſorrowes mourning weede,
And at thine eyes let guilty conſcience bleede.

Still in the Limbecke of thy dolefull breſt
Theſe bitter fruits that from thy ſinnes doe grow,
For fuell, ſelfe accuſing thoughts be beſt,
Vſe feare as fire, the coales let pennance blow;
And ſeeke none other quinteſcence but teares,
That eyes may ſhed what entred at thine eares.

Come ſorrowing teares, the ofspring of my griefe,
Scant not your Parent of a needfull ayde;
In you I reſt, the hope of wiſh'd reliefe,
By you my ſinfull debts muſt be defrayd:
Your power preuailes, your ſacrifice is gratefull,
By loue obtayning life to men moſt hateſull.

Come good effects of ill-deſeruing cauſe;
Ill gotten impes, yet vertuouſly brought forth:
Selfe-blaming probates, of infringed lawes,
Yet blamed faults redeeming with your worth;
The ſignes of ſhame in you each eye may read,
Yet while you guilty proue, you pitty plead.

O beames

O beames of mercy beate on ſorrowes Cowlde,
Proue ſuppling ſhowres vpon my parched ground:
Bring forth the fruite to your due ſeruice vowde,
Let good deſires with like deſerts be crownd.
VVater young blooming vertues tender flower,
Sinne did all grace of riper groth deuoure.

VVeepe Balme and Mirrhe you ſweet Arabian trees,
VVith pureſt gummes perfume and pearle you ryne:
Shed on your honey drops you buſie Bees,
I, barraine plant, muſt weepe vnpleaſant bryne,
Hornets I hyue, ſalt drops their labour plyes,
Suckt out of ſinne, and ſhed by ſhowring eyes,

If Dauid night by night did bathe his bed, *Pſalm,6.7.*
Eſteeming longeſt dayes too ſhort to mone:
Inconſolable teares if Anna ſhed,
VVho in her ſonne her ſolace had forgone, *Tob.10.*
Then I to dayes, and weekes, to months and yeeres,
Do owe the hourely rent of ſtintleſſe teares.

If loue, if loſſe, if fault, if ſpotted fame,
If danger, death, if wrath or wreck of weale,
Entitle eyes true heyres to earned blame,
That due remorſe in ſuch euents conceale,
Then want of teares might well enroll my name,
As chiefeſt Saint in Calender of ſhame.

Loue, where I lou'd, was due, and beſt deſeru'd,
No loue could ayme at more loue-worthy marke,
No loue more lou'd then mine of him I ſeru'd,
Large vſe he gaue, a flame for euery ſparke.
This loue I loſt, this loſſe a life muſt rue,
Yea life is ſhort to pay the ruth is due.

I loſt all that I had, and had the moſt,
The moſt that will can wiſh, or wit deuiſe:
I leaſt perform'd, that did moſt vainely boaſt,
I ſtaind my fame in moſt infamous wiſe.
vvhat danger then, death, wrath, or wreck can moue,
More pregnant cauſe of teares then this I proue?

Gene.3.7. If Adam ſought a veyle to ſcarfe his ſinne,
Taught by his fall to feare a ſcourging hand,
If men ſhall wiſh that hils ſhould wrap them in,
vvhen crimes in finall doome come to be ſcand,
vvhat mount, what caue, what center can conceale
My monſtrous fact, which euen the birds reueale?

Come ſhame, the liuery of offending minde,
The vgly ſhroude that ouer-ſhadoweth blame:
The mulct, at which foule faults are iuſtly finde,
The dampe of ſinne, the common ſluce of fame,
By which impoſtum'd tongues their humours purge,
Light ſhame on me, I beſt deſeru'd the ſcourge,

Caine

Gaines murdering hand imbrude in brothers blood
More mercy then my impious tongue may craue: *Gene.4.*
He kild a riuall with pretence of good,
In hope Gods doubled loue alone to haue:
But feare ſo ſpoyld my vanquiſht thoughts of loue,
That periurde oathes my ſpightfull hate did proue.

Poore Agar from her phere enforc'd to flye,
VVandring in Barſabeian wildes alone:
Doubting her child throgh helples drought would dye,
Layd it aloofe, and ſet her downe to moane.
The heauens with prayers, hir lap with teares ſhe fild,
A mothers loue in loſſe is hardly ſtild.

But Agar now bequeath thy teares to me,
Feares, not effects, did ſet a-flote thine eyes: *Gene.22.*
But wretch I feele more then was feard of thee.
Ah not my Sonne, my ſoule it is that dyes:
It dyes for drought yet hath a ſpring in ſight,
VVorthy to dye, that would not liue and might.

Faire Abſolons foule faults compard with mine, *2. Reg.15.*
Are brighteſt ſands, to mud of Sodome Lakes;
High aymes, yong ſpirits, birth of royall line,
Made him play falſe where Kingdoms were the ſtakes,
He gaz'd on golden hopes, whoſe luſtre winnes
Somtime the graueſt wits to greeuous ſinnes,

But I whose crime cuts off the least excuse,
A Kingdome lost, but hop'd no mite of gaine,
My highest marke, was but the worthlesse vse,
Of some few lingring howres of longer paine;
Vngratefull child, his Parent he pursude,
I, Gyants warre with God himselfe renude.

Ioy infant Saints, whom in the tender flower
Math.22. A happy storme did free from feare of sinne,
Long is theyr life that die in blisfull hower,
Ioyfull such ends as endlesse ioyes begin.
Too long they liue, that liue till they be nought,
Life sau'd by sinne, base purchase deerely bought.

This lot was mine, your fate was not so fearce,
VVhom spotlesse death in Cradle rockt a sleepe,
Sweet Roses mixt with Lillies strow'd your hearce,
Death virgin white in Martirs red did steepe.
Your downy heads both pearles & Rubies crownd,
My hoary locks did female feares confound.

You bleating Ewes that wayle this woluish spoyle,
Of sucking Lambs new bought with bitter throwes,
T'inbalme your babes your eyes distill their oyle,
Each hart to tombe her child wide rupture showes;
Rue not their death whom death did but reuiue:
Yeeld ruth to me that liu'd to die aliue.

VVith

VVith eaſie loſſe ſharpe wreacks did he eſchew,
That Sindonles aſide did naked ſlip,
Once naked grace no outward garment knew,
Rich are his robes whom ſinne did neuer ſtrip,
I that in vaunts diſplaid prides fayreſt flags,
Diſrob'd of grace, am wrapt in Adams rags.

VVhen traytor to the ſonne, in Mothers eyes,
I ſhall preſent my humble ſute for grace,
VVhat bluſh can paint the ſhame that will ariſe,
Or write my inward feeling in my face?
Might ſhe the ſorrow with the ſinner ſee,
Though I diſpiſde: my griefe might pittied bee.

But ah, how can her eares my ſpeech endure,
Or ſent my breath ſtill reeking helliſh ſteeme?
Can Mother like what did the Sonne abiure,
Or hart deflowr'd a virgins loue redeeme?
The Mother nothing loues that Sonne doth loath,
Ah lothſome wretch, deteſted of them both.

O ſiſter Nymphes, the ſweet renowned payre
That bleſſe Bethania bounds with your aboade:
Shall I infect that ſanctified ayre,
Or ſtaine thoſe ſteps where *Ieſus* breath'd and trode?
No: let your prayers perfume that ſweetned place:
Turne me with Tygers to the wildeſt chaſe.

Could

Ihon 11. Could I reuiued Lazarus behold,
The third of that ſweet Trinity of Saints;
VVould not aſtoniſht dread my ſences hold?
Ah yes, my hatt euen with his naming faints;
I ſeeme to ſee a meſſenger from hell,
That my prepared torments comes to tell.

Mat. 16. Luke, 8. O Iohn, ô Iames, we made a triple cord
Of three moſt louing and beſt loued friends:
My rotten twiſt was broken with a word,
Fit now to fuell fire among the fiends;
It is not euer true, though often ſpoken,
That triple twiſted cord is hardly broken.

The diſpoſſeſſed deuils that out I threw
In IESVS name, now impiouſly forſworne,
Triumph to ſee me caged in theyr mew,
Trampling my ruines with contempt and ſcorne;
My periuries were muſick to their daunce,
And now they heape diſdaines on my miſchaunce.

Our rocke (ſay they) is riuen, ô welcome howre,
Our Eagles wings are clipt that wrought ſo hie:
Our thundring Cloude made noyſe but caſt no ſhowre,
He proſtrate lyes that would haue ſcal'd the skie,
In womans tongue our runner found a rub,
Our Cedar now is ſhrunke into a ſhrub.

Theſe

Theſe ſcornefull words vpbraid my inward thought,
Proofes of their damned, prompters neighbour voyce:
Such vgly gueſts ſtill wait vpon the nought.
Fiends ſwarm to ſoules that ſwarue from vertues choiſe,
For breach of plighted truth, this true I trie;
Ah, that my deed thus gaue my word the lie.

Once, and but once, too deere a once to twice it,
A heauen, in earth, Saints, nere my ſelfe I ſaw;
Sweet was the ſight, but ſweeter loues did ſpice it,
But ſights and loues did my miſdeed with-draw.
From heauen and Saints, to hell and deuils eſtrang'd,
Thoſe ſights to frights, thoſe loues to hates are chang'd.

Chriſt, as my God, was tempted in my thought,
As man, he lent mine eyes their deereſt light,
But ſinne, his temple hath to ruine brought:
And now, he lightneth terrour from his ſight,
Now of my lay vnconſecrate deſires,
Prophaned wretch I taſt the earned hires.

Ah ſinne, the nothing that doth all things file;
Out-caſt from heauen, earths curſe, the cauſe of hell:
Parent of death, author of our exile,
The wrecke of ſoules, the wares that fiends doe ſell,
That men to monſters; Angels turnes to deuils:
VVrong, of all rights; ſelfe ruine; roote of euils.

A thing moſt done, yet more then God can doe,
Daily new done; yet euer done amiſſe;
Friended of all, yet vnto all a foe,
Seeming a heauen, yet baniſhing from bliſſe.
Serued with toyle, yet paying nought but paine:
Mans deepeſt loſſe, though falſe, eſteemed gaine.

Shot, without noyſe; wound without preſent ſmart:
Firſt ſeeming light; prouing in fine a lode,
Entring with eaſe, not eaſily wonne to part,
Far in effects from that the ſhowes abode;
Endorc'd with hope, ſubſcribed with diſpaire;
Vgly in death, though life did faine it faire.

O forfeiture of heauen; eternall debt,
A moments ioy; ending in endleſſe fires;
Our natures ſcum; the worlds entangling Net:
Night of our thoughts; death of all good deſires.
VVorſe then all this: worſe then all tongues can ſay,
VVhich man could owe, but onely God defray.

This fawning viper, dum till he had wounded,
VVith many mouthes doth now vpbraid my harmes:
My ſight was vaild till I my ſelfe confounded,
Then did I ſee the diſsinchanted charmes.
Then could I cut the Anotomy of ſinne,
And ſearch with Linxes eyes what lay within.

Bewitch-

Bewitching euill, that hides death in deceits,
Still borrowing lying ſhapes to maske thy face,
Now know I the deciphring of thy ſleights,
A cunning, deerely bought with loſſe of grace;
Thy ſugred poyſon now hath wrought ſo well,
That thou haſt made me to my ſelfe a hell.

My eye, reades mournful leſſons to my hart,
My hart, doth to my thought the greefes expound,
My thought, the ſame doth to my tongue impart,
My tongue, the meſſage in the eares doth ſound;
My eares, back to my hart their ſorrowes ſend,
Thus circkling griefes runne round without an end.

My guiltie eye ſtill ſeemes to ſee my ſinne,
All things Characters are to ſpell my fall,
VVhat eye doth reade without, hart rues within,
VVhat hart doth rue, to penſiue thought is gall,
VVhich whē the thought would by the tongue digeſt,
The eare conueyes it backe into the breſt.

Thus gripes in all my parts doe neuer fayle,
VVhoſe onely league is nowe in bartring paines,
VVhat I ingroſſe, they traffique by retayle,
Making each others miſeries theyr gaines;
All bound for euer, prentices to care,
VVhilſt I in ſhop of ſhame trade ſorrowes ware.

Pleaſd with diſpleaſing lot I ſeeke no change,
I wealthieſt am when richeſt in remorce;
To fetch my ware no ſeas nor lands I range,
For cuſtomers to buy I nothing force.
My home-bred goods at home are bought and ſold,
And ſtill in me the intereſt I hold.

My comfort now is comfortleſſe to liue,
In Orphan ſtate deuoted to miſhap:
Rent from the roote, that ſweeteſt fruite did giue,
I ſcorn'd to graffe in ſtock of meaner ſap.
No iuyce can ioy me but of Ieſſe flower,
VVhoſe heauenly roote hath true reuiuing power.

At ſorrowes dore I knockt, they crau'd my name;
I aunſwered one, vnworthy to be knowne;
VVhat one, ſay they? one worthieſt of blame.
But who? a wretch, not Gods, nor yet his owne.
A man? O no, a beaſt; much worſe: what creature?
A rocke: how cald? the rocke of ſcandale, Peter.

From whence? frō Caiphas houſe, ah dwell you there?
Sinnes farme I rented there, but now would leaue it:
VVhat rent? my ſoule; what gaine? vnreſt, and feare,
Deere purchaſe. Ah too deere, will you receiue it;
VVhat ſhall we giue? fit teares, and times to plaine me,
Come in, ſay they; thus griefes did entertaine me.

VVith

VVith them I reſt true priſoner to theyr Iayle,
Chayn'd in the yron linkes of baſeſt thrall,
Till grace vouchſafing captiue ſoule to bayle,
In wonted See degraded loues enſtall.
Dayes, paſſe in plaints; the nights without repoſe,
I wake, to weepe, I ſleepe in waking woes.

Sleepe, deaths allye, obliuion of teares,
Silence of paſsions, balme of angry ſore,
Suſpence of loues, ſecuritie of feares,
VVraths lenitiue, harts eaſe, ſtormes calmeſt ſhore,
Sences and ſoules repriuall from all cumbers,
Benumming ſence of ill, with quiet ſlumbers.

Not ſuch my ſleepe, but whiſperer of dreames,
Creating ſtrange chymeras, fayning frights:
Of day diſcourſes giuing fanſie theames,
To make dum ſhewes with worlds of anticke ſights,
Caſting true griefes in fanſies forging mold,
Brokenly telling tales rightly fore-told.

This ſleepe moſt fitly ſuteth ſorrowes bed,
Sorrow, the ſmart of euill, Sinnes eldeſt child:
Beſt, when vnkind in killing who it bred,
A racke for guiltie thoughts, a bit for wild.
The ſcourge that whips, the ſalue that cures offence:
Sorrow, my bed, and home, while life hath ſence.

Heere ſolitarie Muſes nurſe my griefes,
In ſilent loneneſſe burying worldly noyſe,
Attentiue to rebukes, deafe to releeſes,
Penſiue to foſter cares, careleſſe of ioyes;
Ruing lifes loſſe vnder deaths dreary roofes,
Solemnizing my funerall behoofes.

A ſelfe contempt the ſhroude, my ſoule the corſe,
The beere, an humble hope, the herſe-cloth, feare;
The mourners, thoughts, in blacks of deepe remorſe,
The herſe, grace, pitty, loue, and mercy beare.
My teares, my dole, the Prieſt a zealous will:
Pennance the tombe: and dolefull ſighes the knill,

Chriſt, health of feuer'd ſoule, heauen of the mind,
Force of the feeble, nurſe of infant loues,
Guide to the wandring foote, light to the blind,
VVhom weeping winnes, repentant ſorrow moues,
Father in care, mother in tender hart,
Reuiue and ſaue me, ſlaine with ſinfull dart.

If King Manaſſes ſunke in depth of ſinne,
VVith plaints and teares recouered grace and crowne:
A worthleſſe worme ſome milde regard may winne,
And lowly creepe, where flying threw it downe.
A poore deſire I haue to mend my ill,
I ſhould, I would, I dare not ſay, I will,

I dare

I dare not ſay, I will; but wiſh I may,
My pride is checkt, high words the ſpeaker ſpilt:
My good ô Lord, thy gift, thy ſtrength, my ſtay;
Giue what thou bidſt, and then bid what thou wilt.
VVorke with me what thou of me doo'ſt requeſt,
Then will I dare the moſt, and vow the beſt.

Prone looke, croſt armes, bent knee, and contrite hart,
Deepe ſighs, thick ſobs, dew'd eyes, & proſtrate prayers,
Moſt humbly beg releaſe of earned ſmart,
And ſauing ſhroud in mercies ſweet repaires.
If iuſtice ſhould my wrongs with rigor wage;
Feares, would diſpaires; ruth, breed a hopeleſſe rage.

Lazar at pitties gate I vlcered lye,
Crauing the reſſues crums of childrens plate:
My ſores, I lay in view to mercies eye,
My rags, beare witnes of my poore eſtate;
The wormes of conſcience that within me ſwarme:
Proue that my plaints are leſſe then is my harme.

VVith mildnes, *Ieſu*, meaſure mine offence;
Let true remorſe thy due reuenge abate;
Let teares appeaſe when treſpaſſe doth incenſe:
Let pitty temper thy deſerued hate.
Let grace forgiue, let loue forget my fall,
VVith feare I craue, with hope I humbly call.

Redeeme

Redeeme my lapſe with raunſome of thy loue,
Trauerſe th'inditement, rigors doome ſuſpend:
Let frailty fauour, ſorrowes ſuccour moue,
Be thou thy ſelfe, though changeling I offend.
Tender my ſute, clenſe this defiled denne,
Cancell my debts, ſweet *Ieſu*, ſay Amen.

The end of Saint Peters complaint.

Mary

MARIE MAGDALENS BLVSH.

THE ſignes of ſhame that ſtaine my bluſhing face,
Riſe from the feeling of my rauing fits.
VVhoſe ioy annoy, whoſe guerdon is diſgrace:
VVhoſe ſolace flyes, whoſe ſorrow neuer flits:
Bad ſeede I ſow'd, worſe fruite is now my gaine,
Soone dying mirth begat long liuing paine,

Now pleaſure ebbes, reuenge begins to flow,
One day doth wreake the wrath that many wrought:
Remorſe doth teach my guilty thoughts to know
How cheape I ſould, that Chriſt ſo deerely bought,
Faults long vnfelt doth conſcience now bewray,
VVhich cares muſt cure, and teares muſt waſh away.

All ghoſtly dynts that grace at me did dart
Like ſtubborne rocke I forced to recoyle;
To other flights an ayme I made my hart, (foyle.
whoſe wounds then welcome, now haue wrought my
VVoe worth the bow, woe worth the Archers might,
That draue ſuch arrowes to the marke ſo right.

To pull them out, to leaue them in, is death:
One, to this world: one, to the world to come:
VVounds may I weare, and draw a doubtfull breath:
But then my wounds will worke a dreadfull dome.
And for a world, whoſe pleaſures paſſe away,
I loſe a world, whoſe ioyes are paſt decay.

O ſence, ô ſoule, ô had, ô hoped bliſſe,
You wooe, you weane, you draw, you driue me back.
Your croſſe encountring, like their combate is,
That neuer end but with ſome deadly wrack.
VVhen ſence doth win, the ſoule doth looſe the field,
And preſent haps make future hopes to yeeld.

O heauen lament, ſence robbeth thee of Saints,
Lament ô ſoules, ſence ſpoyleth you of grace.
Yet ſence doth ſcarce deſerue theſe hard complaints,
Loue is the thiefe, ſence but the entring place.
Yet graunt I muſt, ſence is not free from ſinne,
For theefe he is, that theefe admitteth in.

Marie Magdalens complaint at Chriſtes death.

SIth my life from life is parted:
Death come take thy portion,
VVho ſuruiues, when life is murdred,
Liues by meere extortion.
All that liue, and not in God,
Couch theyr life in deaths abod.

Seely ſtarres muſt needes leaue ſhining,
VVhen the ſunne is ſhaddowed.
Borrowed ſtreames refraine theyr running,
VVhen head ſprings are hindered.
One that liues by others breath,
Dyeth alſo by his death.

O true life, ſince thou haſt left me,
Mortall life is tedious,
Death it is to liue without thee,
Death of all moſt odious.
Turne againe, or take me to thee,
Let me dye, or liue thou in mee.

VVhere the truth once was and is not,
Shaddowes are but vanity:
Shewing want, that helpe they cannot,
Signes, not ſalues of miſery.
Painted meate no hunger feedes,
Dying life each death exceeds.

VVith my loue, my life was neſtled
In the ſomme of happineſſe;
From my loue, my life is wreſted
To a world of heauineſſe.
O, let loue my life remoue,
Sith I liue not where I loue.

O my ſoule, what did vnlooſe thee
From thy ſweet captiuity?
God, not I, did ſtill poſſeſſe thee:
His, not mine thy liberty.
O, too happy thrall thou wart,
VVhen thy priſon was his hart.

Spightfull ſpeare, that break'ſt this priſon,
Seate of all felicity,
VVorking this, with double treaſon,
Loues and liues deliuery:
Though my life thou drau'ſt away,
Maugre thee my loue ſhall ſtay.

Times goe by turnes.

THE lopped tree in time may grow againe,
Moſt naked plants renew both fruite and flower:
The ſorrieſt wight may find releaſe of paine,
The dryeſt ſoyle ſucke in ſome moyſtning ſhower.
Times goe by turnes, and chaunces change by courſe,
From foule to faire: from better hap to worſe.

The ſea of Fortune dooth not euer flow,
Shee drawes her fauours to the loweſt ebbe:
Her tydes hath equall times to come and goe,
Her Loome doth weaue the fine and courſeſt webbe,
No ioy ſo great, but runneth to an end:
No hap ſo hard, but may in fine amend.

Not alwayes fall of leafe, nor euer ſpring,
No endles night, yet not eternall day:
The ſaddeſt Birds a ſeaſon find to ſing,
The rougheſt ſtorme a calme may ſoone alay.
Thus with ſucceeding turnes God tempereth all:
That man may hope to riſe, yet feare to fall.

A chaunce may winne that by miſchaunce was loſt,
That net that holds no great, takes little fiſh;
In ſome things all, in all things none are croſt,
Fewe all they neede: but none haue all they wiſh,
Vnmedled ioyes heere to no man befall,
Who leaſt, hath ſome, who moſt, hath neuer all.

Looke home.

REtyred thoughts enioy their owne delights,
As beauty doth in ſelfe-beholding eye:
Mans minde a mirrour is of heauenly ſights,
A briefe wherein all meruailes ſummed lye:
Of fayreſt formes, and ſweeteſt ſhapes the ſtore,
Moſt gracefull all, yet thought may grace them more

The minde a creature is, yet can create,
To natures patterns adding higher skill:
Of fineſt works wit better could the ſtate,
If force of wit had equall power of will.
Deuiſe of man in working hath no end,
VVhat thought can think, another thought can mend.

Mans ſoule, of endleſſe beauties image is,
Drawne by the worke of endleſſe skill and might;
This skilfull might gaue many ſparks of bliſſe,
And to diſcerne this bliſſe a natiue light,
To frame Gods image as his worthes requird,
His might his skill, his word, and will conſpird.

All that he had, his Image ſhould preſent,
All that it ſhould preſent he could afford;
To that he could afford his will was bent,
His will was followed with performing word.
Let this ſuffize, by this conceiue the reſt,
He ſhould, he could, he would, he did the beſt.

Fortunes falſhood.

IN worldly merriments lurketh much miſery,
Slie fortunes ſubtilties in baytes of happines,
Shrowd hookes, that ſwallowed, without recouery
Murder the innocent with mortall heauines.

Shee ſootheth appetites with pleaſing vanities,
Till they be conquered with cloaked tiranny,
Than, changing countenance, with open enmities
She triumphs ouer them, ſcorning their ſlauery.

VVith fawning flattery Deaths doore ſhe openeth,
Alluring paſſengers to bloody deſteny:
In offers bountifull, in proofe ſhe beggereth;
Mens ruins regiſtring her falſe felicity,

Her hopes are faſtened in bliſſe that vaniſheth,
Her ſmart inherited with ſure poſſeſsion,
Conſtant in cruelty, ſhe neuer altereth,
But from one violence, to more oppreſsion.

To thoſe that follow her, fauours are meaſured
As eaſie premiſſes to hard concluſions;
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VVith bitter corroſiues her ioyes are ſeaſoned;
Her higheſt benefits are but illuſions.

Her way's a Laborinth of wandring paſſages:
Fooles common pilgrimage, to curſed deities:
VVhoſe fond deuotion and idle menages,
Are wagde with wearines in fruitleſſe drudgeries.

Blinde in her fauorites fooliſh election,
Chaunce is her arbiter in giuing dignity:
Her choyſe of viſions, ſhewes moſt diſcretion,
Sith welth the vertuous might wreſt from piety.

To humble ſuppliants, tyrant moſt obſtinate:
Shee ſuters aunſwereth with contrarieties.
Proud with petition, vntaught to mittigate
Rigour with clemencie in hardeſt cruelties,

Like Tygre fugitiue from the ambitious,
Like weeping Crocodile to ſcornfull enemies,
Suing for amity where ſhe is odious,
But to her followers forſwearing curteſies.

No winde ſo changeable, no ſea ſo wauering,
As giddy Fortune in reeling varieties;
Now mad, now mercifull, now fierce, now fauoring:
In all things mutable, but mutabilities.

Scorne

Scorne not the leaſt.

VVHere wards are weake, & foes encountring ſtrong
VVhere mightier doe aſſault then doe defend,
The feebler part puts vp enforced wrong,
And ſilent ſees, that ſpeech could not amend;
Yet higer powers muſt thinke, though they repine,
VVhen ſunne is ſet, the little ſtarres will ſhine.

VVhile Pike doth range, the ſilly Tench doth flie,
And crouch in priuie creekes, with ſmaller fiſh:
Yet Pikes are caught when little fiſh goe by,
Theſe fleete a flote, while thoſe doe fill the diſh;
There is a time euen for the wormes to creepe,
And ſucke the dew while all their foes doe ſleepe.

The Marline cannot euer ſoare on high,
Nor greedy Grey-hound ſtill purſue the chaſe,
The tender Larke will finde a time to flie,
And fearefull Hare to runne a quiet race.
He that high growth on Cedars did beſtow,
Gaue alſo lowly Muſhrumpts leaue to growe.

In Hamans pompe poore Mardocheus wept,
Yet God did turne his fate vpon his foe.
The Lazar pynde, while Diues feaſt was kept,
Yet he to heauen, to hell did Diues goe.
VVe trample graſſe, and prize the flowers of May,
Yet graſſe is greene, when flowers doe fade away

The natiuitie of Chriſt.

BEhold, the Father is his daughters ſonne:
The bird that built the neſt, is hatch'd therein:
The old of yeeres, an howre hath not out-runne:
Eternall life, to liue doth now beginne.
The word is dum, the mirth of heauen doth weepe,
Might feeble is, and force doth faintly creepe.

O dying ſoules, behold your liuing ſpring;
O dazeled eyes, behold your Sonne of grace;
Dull eares, attend what word this word doth bring,
Vp heauie harts, with ioy your ioy embrace,
From death, from darke, from deafenes, from diſpaires,
Thys life, this light, this word, this ioy repaires.

Gift better then himſelfe God doth not knowe:
Gift better then his God, no man can ſee;
This gyft doth heere the giuer giuen beſtow,
Gift to this gift let each receiuer be.
God is my gift, himſelfe he freely gaue mee,
Gods gift am I, and none but God ſhall haue mee.

Man altered was by ſinne from man to beaſt,
Beaſts foode is hay, hay is all mortall fleſh,
Now God is fleſh, and lyes in Manger preſt,
As hay, the bruteſt ſinner to refreſh:
O happy fielde wherein thys fodder grew,
VVhoſe taſt, doth vs from beaſts to men renew.

CHRISTS CHILD-HOODE.

TIll twelue yeeres age, how Chriſt his child-hood
All earthly penns vnworthy were to write, (ſpent,
Such acts to mortall eyes he did preſent,
VVhoſe worth, not men, but Angels muſt recite.
No natures blots, no childiſh faults defilde,
VVhere grace was guide, and God did play the child.

In ſpringing locks, lay couched hoarie wit,
In ſemblance young, a graue and auncient port,
In lowly lookes, high maieſtie did ſit:
In tender tongue, ſound ſence of ſageſt ſort,
Nature imparted all that ſhee could teach,
And God ſupplyed, where nature could not reach.

His mirth, of modeſt meane a mirrour was,
His ſadneſſe, tempered with a milde aſpect;
His eye to try each action was a glas,
VVhoſe lookes did good approoue, and bad correct.
His natures gyfts, his grace, his word and deede,
VVell ſhewed that all did from a God proceede.

A Child my choice.

Let folly prayse that fancie loues, I praise and loue that child,
Whose hart no thought, whose tongue no word, whose hand no deede (defild.
I praise him most, I loue him best, all praise and loue is his:
While him I loue, in him I liue, and cannot liue amisse.

Loues sweetest marke, lawdes highest theme, mans most desired light,
To loue him, life, to leaue him, death, to liue in him, delight.
He mine by gift, I his by debt, thus each to others due,
First friend hee was, best friend he is, all times will try him true.

Though young, yet wise, though small, yet strong, though man, yet God he (is
As wise, he knowes, as strong he can, as God, he loues to blisse.
His knowledge rules, his strength defends, his loue doth cherrish all,
His birth our ioy, his life our light, his death our end of thrall.

Alas, hee weepes, he sighes, he pants, yet doe his Angels sing,
Out of his teares, his sighes and throbs, doth bud a ioyfull spring,
Almightie babe, whose tender armes can force all foes to flie,
Correct my faults, protect my life, direct mee when I die.

Content and rich.

I Dwell in graces Court,
Enrich'd with vertues rights;
Fayth guides my wit, loue leades my will,
Hope, all my minde delights.

In lowly vales I mount
To pleaſures higheſt pitch:
My ſeely ſhrowde true honour brings,
My poore eſtate is rich.

My conſcience is my crowne,
Contented thoughts, my reſt,
My hart is happy in it ſelfe,
My bliſſe is in my breſt.

Enough, I reckon wealth,
A meane, the ſureſt lot,
That lyes too high for baſe contempt,
Too low, for enuies ſhot.

My wiſhes are but few,
All eaſie to fulfill:
I make the limits of my power,
The bounds vnto my will.

I haue no hopes but one
VVhich is of heauenly raigne,
Effects attaind, or not desir'd
All lower hopes refraine.

I feele no care of coyne,
VVell-dooing is my wealth,
My minde to me an Empire is
VVhile grace affoordeth health.

I clyp high-clyming thoughts,
The wings of swelling pride,
Their fal is worst that from the height
Of greatest honour slide.

Sith sayles of largest size
The storme dooth soonest teare,
I beare so low and small a saile
As freeth mee from feare.

I wrastle not with rage
VVhile furies flame doth burne,
It is in vaine to stop the streame
Vntill the tide doth turne.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turne alate enraged foe
Into a quiet friend.

And taught with often proofe,
A tempered calme I finde
To be moſt ſolace to it ſelfe,
Beſt cure for angry mind.

Spare dyet is my fare,
My clothes more fit then fine,
I know I feede and clothe a foe,
That pamp'red, would repine.

I enuie not their hap
VVhom fauour doth aduaunce;
I take no pleaſure in their paine
That haue leſſe happy chaunce.

To riſe by others fall,
I deeme a looſing gaine;
All ſtates with others ruines built,
To ruine runne a-maine.

No change of Fortunes calmes
Can caſt my comforts downe,
when Fortune ſmiles, I ſmile to thinke
How quickly ſhee will frowne.

And when in froward moode
Shee proues an angry foe,
Small gaine I found to let her come,
Leſſe loſſe to let her goe.

Loſſe in delayes.

SHun delayes, they breede remorſe,
Take thy time while tim doth ſerue thee,
Creeping Snayles haue weakeſt force,
Flie theyr fault, leaſt thou repent thee,
Good is beſt when ſooneſt wrought,
Lingring labours come to nought.

Hoyſe vp ſaile while gale doth laſt,
Tide and winde ſtaie no mans pleaſure;
Seeke not time, when time is paſt,
Sober ſpeede is wiſedoms leyſure:
After wits are deerely bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time weares all his locks before,
Take thou hold vpon his fore-head,
VVhen he flyes, he turnes no more,
And behind his ſcalpe is naked,
VVorkes aiournd, haue many ſtayes,
Long demurres breede new delayes.

Seeke

Seeke thy ſalue while ſore is greene,
Feſtred wounds aske deeper launcing;
After cures are ſildome ſeene,
Often ſought ſcarce euer chauncing,
Time and place giue beſt aduiſe,
Out of ſeaſon, out of price.

Cruſh the Serpent in the head,
Breake ill egges ere they be hatched.
Kill bad Chickins in the tread,
Fligge, they hardly can be catched,
In the ryſing, ſtifle ill,
Leaſt it grow againſt thy will.

Drops doe pierce the ſtubborne flint,
Not by force but often falling,
Cuſtome kills with feeble dint,
More by vſe then ſtrength preuailing.
Single ſands haue little waight,
Many makes a drowning fraight.

Tender twigs are bent with eaſe,
Aged trees doe breake with bending,
Young deſires make little preaſe,
Growth doth make them paſt amending.
Happy man that ſoone doth knock,
Bable babes againſt the rocke.

Loues ſeruile Lot.

LOue, miſtris is of many minds,
Yet few know whom they ſerue,
They reckon leaſt how little loue
Their ſeruice doth deſerue.

The will ſhe robbeth from the wit,
The ſence from reaſons lore,
Shee is delightfull in the rine,
Corrupted in the core;

Shee ſhroudeth vice in vertues vaile,
Pretending good in ill,
She offereth ioy, affordeth griefe,
A kiſſe where ſhe doth kill.

A honey ſhower raines from her lips,
Sweet lights ſhine in her face,
Shee hath the bluſh of virgine mind,
The mind of Vipers race.

She makes thee ſeeke, yet feare to find,
To find, but not enioy;
In many frownes ſome gliding ſmiles,
Shee yeelds to more anoy.

She wooes thee to come neere her fire,
Yet doth ſhe draw it from thee,
Farre off ſhe makes thy hart to fry,
And yet to freeze within thee.

Shee letteth fall ſome luring baits
For fooles to gather vp:
Too ſweet, too ſowre to euery taſt
She temereth her cup.

Soft ſoules ſhe binds in tender twiſt,
Small Flyes in ſpinners webbe,
She ſets a floate ſome luring ſtreames,
But makes them ſoone to ebbe,

Her watry eyes haue burning force:
Her floods and flames conſpire.
Teares kindle ſparks, ſobs fuell are:
And ſighs doe blow her fire.

May neuer was the Month of loue,
For May is full of flowers,
But rather Aprill wet by kind,
For loue is full of ſhowers,

Like tyrant cruell wounds ſhe giues,
Like Surgeon ſalue ſhe lends,
But ſalue and ſore haue equall force,
For death is both their ends.

VVith ſoothing words, inthralled ſoules:
Shee chaines in ſeruile bands,
Her eye in ſilence hath a ſpeach,
VVhich eye beſt vnderſtands.

Her little ſweet hath many ſowres,
Short hap immortall harmes,
Her louing lookes, are murdring darts,
Her ſongs bewitching charmes.

Like winter roſe, and ſommer Iſe
Her ioyes are ſtill vntimely,
Before her hope, behind remorſe,
Faire firſt, in fine vnſeemly.

Moodes paſsions, fancies iealous fits,
Attend vpon her traine:
Shee yeeldeth reſt without repoſe,
A heau'n in helliſh paine.

Her houſe is ſloth, her doore deceite,
And ſlippery hope her ſtaires,
Vnbaſhfull boldnes bids her gueſts,
And euery vice repaires.

Her dyet is of ſuch delight,
As pleaſe till they be paſt,
But then the poyſon kils the hart,
That did entiſe the taſt.

Her ſleepe in ſinne, doth end in wrath,
Remorſe rings her awake,
Death cals her vp, ſhame driues her out,
Diſpaires her vp-ſhot make.

Plowe not the Seas, ſowe not the ſands,
Leaue off your idle paine,
Seeke other miſters for your minds,
Loues ſeruice is in vaine.

LIFE IS BVT LOSSE.

BY force I liue, in will I wiſh to dye,
In plaint I paſſe the length of lingring dayes,
Free would my ſoule from mortall body flye,
And tread the tracke, of deaths deſired wayes;
Life is but loſſe, where death is deemed gaine,
And loathed pleaſures breede diſpleaſing paine.

VVho would not dye to kill all murdering greeues,
Or who would liue in neuer dying feares:
VVho would not wiſh his treaſure ſafe from theeues,
And quit his hart from pangues, his eyes from teares?
Death parteth but two, euer fighting foes,
VVhoſe ciuill ſtrife, doth worke our endleſſe woes.

Life is a wandring courſe to doubtfull reſt,
As oft a curſed ryſe to damning leape;
As happy race to winne a heauenly creſt,
None being ſure, what finall fruites to reape.
And who can like, in ſuch a life to dwell,
VVhoſe wayes are ſtraite to heau'n, but wide to hell.

Come cruell death why lingreſt thou ſo long,
VVhat doth withhold thy dint from fatall ſtroke?
Now preſt I am alas thou doeſt me wrong,
To let me liue more anger to prouoke:
Thy right is had, when thou haſt ſtopt my breath,
VVhy ſhould'ſt thou ſtay, to work my double death?

If Saules attempt in falling on his blade,
As lawfull were, as ethe to put in vre:
If Sampſons leaue, a common law were made,
Of Abels lot if all that would were ſure.
Then cruell death thou ſhould'ſt the tyrant play,
VVith none but ſuch as wiſhed for delay.

VVhere life is lou'd, thou ready art to kill,
And to abridge with ſodaine pangues their ioy,
VVhere life is loath'd thou wilt not work their will,
But doſt adiourne their death to their annoy,
To ſome thou art a fierce vnbidden gueſt,
But thoſe that craue thy helpe thou helpeſt leaſt.

Auant ô viper, I thy ſpight defie,
There is a God that ouer-rules thy force,
VVho can thy weapons to his will apply,
And ſhorten or prolong our brittle courſe:
I on his mercy, not thy might relye,
To him I liue, for him I hope to dye.

I DIE A-LIVE.

O Life what lets thee from a quick deceaſe?
O death what drawes thee from a preſent pray?
My feaſt is done, my ſoule would be at eaſe,
My grace is ſaid, ô death come take awaye.

I liue, but ſuch a life as euer dies,
I die but ſuch a death, as neuer ends,
My death to end my dying life denies,
And life my liuing death no whit amends.

Thus ſtill I dye, yet ſtill I doe reuiue,
My liuing death by dying life is fed:
Grace more then nature keepes my hart aliue,
VVhoſe idle hopes and vaine deſires are dead.

Not where I breath, but where I loue I liue,
Not where I loue, but where I am I dye:
The life I wiſh, muſt future glory giue,
The deaths I feele, in preſent dangers lye.

VVhat

What ioy to liue.

I VVage no warre, yet peace I none enioy,
I hope, I feare, I fry in freezing cold,
I mount in mirth ſtill proſtrate in annoy,
I all the world embrace, yet nothing hold.
All wealth is want where chiefeſt wiſhes faile,
Yea life is loath'd, where loue may not preuaile.

For that I loue, I long, but that I lack,
That othres loue I loath, and that I haue:
All worldly fraights to me are deadly wrack,
Men, preſent hap, I future hopes doe craue.
They louing where they liue, long life require,
To liue where beſt I loue, death I deſire.

Heere loue is lent for loane of filthy gaine,
Moſt friends befriend thēſelues with friendſhips ſhew
Heere, plenty perrill, want doth breede diſdaine,
Cares common are, ioyes faulty, ſhort and few.
Heere honour enuide, meanes is deſpis'd,
Sinne deemed ſolace, vertue little pris'd.

Heere beauty is a baite that ſwollowed choakes,
A treaſure ſought ſtill to the owners harmes:
A light that eyes to murdring ſighs prouokes,
A grace that ſoules enchaut with mortall charmes,
A luring ayme to Cupids fiery flights,
A balefull bliſſe that damnes where it delights.

O who would liue, ſo many deaths to try,
vvhere will doth wiſh that wiſedome doth reproue?
vvhere nature craues that grace muſt needes denie,
vvhere ſence doth like, that reaſon cannot loue,
vvhere beſt in ſhew, in finall proofe is worſt,
vvhere pleaſures vp-ſhot is to die accurſt.

Lifes death Loues life.

VVHo liues in loue, loues leaſt to liue,
And long delayes doth rue,
If him he loue by whom he liues
To whom all loue is due.

VVho for our loue did chooſe to liue,
And was content to die;
vvho lou'd our loue more then his life,
And loue with life did buy.

Let vs in life, yea with our life
Requite his liuing loue,
For beſt we liue when leaſt we liue,
If loue our life remoue.

VVhere loue is hote, life hatefull is,
Theyr grounds doe not agree,
Loue where it loues, life where it liues,
Deſireth moſt to be.

And ſith loue is not where it liues,
Nor liueth where it loues,
Loue hateth life, that holds it backe,
And death it beſt approues.

For ſildome is he wonne in life,
vvhom loue doth moſt deſire,
If wonne by loue yet not enioyde,
Till mortall life expire.

Life out of earth, hath not aboad,
In earth loue hath no place,
Loue ſetled hath her ioyes in heau'n,
In earth life all her grace.

Mourne therefore no true louers death,
Life onely him annoyes,
And when he taketh leaue of life,
Then loue beginnes his ioyes.

AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

FAire ſoule, how long ſhall veiles thy graces ſhroud?
How long ſhall this exile with-hold thy right,
VVhen will thy ſunne diſperſe this mortall cloud,
And giue thy glories ſcope to blaze their light?
O that a ſtarre more fit for Angels eyes,
Should pyne in earth, not ſhine aboue the skyes.

Thys ghoſtly beauty offred force to God,
It chayn'd him in the linkes of tender loue,
It wonne his will with man to make abode:
It ſtayd his ſword, and did his wrath remoue;
It made the rigor of his iuſtice yeeld,
And crowned mercie Empreſſe of the field.

Thys lull'd our heauenly Sampſon faſt a ſleepe,
And layd him in our feeble natures lap;
Thys made him vnder mortall loade to creepe,
And in our fleſh his god-head to enwrap;
This made him ſoiourne with vs in exile,
And not diſdaine our tytles in his ſtile.

This brought him from the rankes of heau'nly quires,
Into this vale of teares, and curſed ſoyle;
From flowers of grace, into a vvorld of bryers,
From life to death, from bliſſe to balefull toyle.
This made him wander in our Pilgrim weede,
And taſte our torments, to releeue our neede.

O ſoule, doe not thy noble thoughts abaſe,
To loſe thy loue in any mortall wight,
Content thine eye at home with natiue grace,
Sith God himſelfe is rauiſht with thy ſight.
If on thy beauty God enamoured bee,
Baſe is my loue of any leſſe then hee.

Giue not aſſent to muddy minded skill,
That deemes the feature of a pleaſing face,
To be the ſweeteſt baite to lure the will,
Not valuing right the worth of ghoſtly grace;
Let Gods and Angels cenſure winne beliefe,
That of all beauties iudge our ſoules the chiefe.

Queene Heaſter was of rare and peereleſſe hiew,
And Iudeth once for beauty bare the vaunt,
But hee that could our ſoules endowments view,
would ſoone to ſoules the Crowne of beauty graunt,
O ſoule out of thy ſelfe ſeeke God alone:
Grace more then thine, but Gods, the world hath none.

Lewd loue is loſſe.

MIſdeeming eye that ſtoopeſt to the lure,
Of mortall worths, not worth ſo worthy loue,
All beauties baſe, all graces are impure
That doe thy erring thought from God remoue.
Sparkes to the fire, the beames yeeld to the ſunne,
All grace to God, from whom all graces runne.

If picture moue, more ſhould the patterne pleaſe,
No ſhaddow can, with ſhaddowed things compare,
And fayreſt ſhapes whereon our loues doe ſeaze,
But ſilly ſignes of Gods high beauties are.
Goe ſteruing ſence, feede thou on earthly maſt,
True loue in Heau'n, ſeeke thou thy ſweet repaſt.

Gleane not in barren ſoyle theſe offall eares,
Sith reape thou maiſt whole harueſts of delight.
Baſe ioyes with griefes, bad hopes doe end in feares,
Lewd loue with loſſe, euill peace with deadly fight:
Gods loue alone doth end with endleſſe eaſe,
vvhoſe ioyes in hope, whoſe hope concludes in peace.

Let not the luring traine of fanſies trap,
Or gracious features proofes of natures skill,
Lull reaſons force a ſleepe in errors lap,
Or draw thy wit to bent of wanton will,
The fayreſt flowers, haue not the ſweeteſt ſmell,
A ſeeming heauen, prooues oft a damning hell.

Selfe-pleaſing ſouſes that play with beauties bayte,
In ſhyning ſhroud may ſwallow fatall hooke,
VVhere eager ſight, or ſemblant faire doth waite,
A locke it proues that firſt was but a looke;
The fiſh with eaſe into the Net doth glide,
But to get out, the way is not ſo wide.

So long the flie doth dallie with the flame,
Vntill his ſinged wings doe force his fall,
So long the eye doth follow fancies game,
Till loue hath left the hart in heauie thrall;
Soone may the minde be caſt in Cupids Iayle,
But hard it is impriſoned thoughts to bayle.

O loath that loue, whoſe finall ayme is luſt,
Moth of the minde, eclypſe of reaſons light,
The graue of grace, the mole of natures ruſt,
The wrack of wit, the wrong of euery right;
In ſumme, an euill whoſe harmes no tongue can tell,
In which to liue is death, to dye is hell.

Loues

VAine louies auaunt, infamous is your pleasure,
Your ioy deceit,
Your iewels ieſts, & worthleſſe traſh your treaſure
Fooles common bait.
Your pallace is a priſon that allureth
To ſweet miſhap, and reſt that paine procureth.

Your garden griefe, hedg'd in with thornes of enuie,
And ſtakes of ſtrife,
Your Allyes errour, graueled with iealouſie,
And cares of life.
Your banks are ſeates enwrapt with ſhades of ſadnes,
Your Arbours breede rough fitts of raging madnes.

Your beds are ſowne with ſeedes of all iniquitie,
And poys'ning weedes:
VVhoſe ſtalks euill thoughts, whoſe leaues words full of vanitie,
vvhoſe fruite miſdeedes.
VVhoſe ſap is ſinne, whoſe force and operation,
To baniſh grace, and worke the ſoules damnation.

Your trees are diſmall plants of pyning corroſiues,
VVhoſe roote is ruth.
VVhoſe barke is bale, whoſe timber ſtubborne fantaſies
VVhoſe pyth vntruth.
On which in liew of birds whoſe voyce delighteth,
Of guilty conſcience ſcreching note affrighteth.

Your cooleſt ſommer gales are ſcalding ſighings,
Your ſhowers are teares,
Your ſweeteſt ſmell the ſtench of ſinfull liuing.
Yours fauoures feares;
Your gardener ſathan, all you reape is miſerie:
Your gaine remorſe, and loſſe of all felicitie.

From

From Fortunes reach.

LEt fickle fortune runne her blindeſt raſe:
I ſetled haue an vnremoued mind:
I ſcorne to be the game of fanſies chaſe,
Or vane to ſhew the change of euery wind,
Light giddy humors ſtinted to no reſt,
Still change their choiſe, yet neuer choſe the beſt.

My choyſe was guided by foreſightfull heede,
It was auerred with approuing will,
It ſhall be followed with performing deede:
And ſeal'd with vow, till death the chooſer kill,
Yea death though finall date of vaine deſires,
Ends not my choyſe, which with no time expires.

To beauties fading bliſſe I am no thrall;
I burie not my thoughts in mettall Mines,
I ayme not at ſuch fame, as feareth fall,
I ſeeke and find a light that euer ſhines:
vvhoſe glorious beames diſplay ſuch heauenly ſights,
As yeeld my ſoule a ſumme of all delights.

My light to loue, my loue to life doth guide
To life that liues by loue, and loueth light:
By loue to one, to whom all loues are tide
By deweſt debt, and neuer equall right.
Eyes light, harts loue, ſoules trueſt life he is,
Conſorting in three ioyes, one perfect bliſſe,

A fan-

A Phanſie turned to a ſinners complaint.

HEe that his mirth hath loſt,
vvhoſe comfort is to rue,
vvhoſe hope is fallen, whoſe faith is cras'de,
vvhoſe truſt is found vntrue:

If he haue held them deere,
And cannot ceaſe to mone;
Come, let him take his place by me,
He ſhall not rue alone.

But if the ſmalleſt ſweete,
Be mixt with all his ſower;
If in the day, the moneth, the yeare,
He feele one lightning hower,

Then reſt he with himſelfe,
He is no mate for me;
vvhoſe time in teares, whoſe race in ruth,
vvhoſe life a death muſt be.

Yet not the wiſhed death,
That feeles no plaint or lack:

That making free the better part,
Is onely Natures wrack.

O no, that were too well,
My death is of the minde;
That alwayes yeelds extreameſt pangues,
Yet threatens worſe behinde.

As one that liues in ſhewe,
And inwardly dooth die;
vvhoſe knowledge is a bloody field,
vvhere vertue ſlaine doth lie.

VVhoſe hart the Altar is,
And hoaſt a God to moue:
From whom my ill doth feare reuenge,
His good doth promiſe loue.

My phanſies are like thornes,
In which I goe by night;
My frighted wits are like an hoaſt,
That force hath put to flight.

My ſence is paſsions ſpie,
My thoughts like ruines olde,
vvhich ſhew how faire the building was,
vvhile grace did it vpholde.

And ſtil before my eyes,
My mortall fall they lay;

VVhom grace and vertue once aduaunc'd,
Now ſinne hath caſt away.

O thoughts, no thoughts but wounds,
Sometime the ſeate of ioy,
Sometime the ſtore of quiet reſt,
But now of all annoy.

I ſow'd the ſoyle of peace,
My bliſſe was in the ſpring;
And day by day the fruite I eate,
That Vertues tree did bring.

To Nettles now my corne,
My field is turn'd to flint;
vvhere I a heauie harueſt reape,
Off cares that neuer ſtint.

The peace, the reſt, the life,
That I enioy'd of yore,
vvere happy lot, but by their loſſe,
My ſmart doth ſting the more.

So to vnhappy men,
The beſt frames to the worſt:
O time, ô place, where thus I fell,
Deere then, but now accurſt.

In was, ſtands my delight,
In is, and ſhall my woe,

My horrour faſtned in the yea,
My hope hangs in the no.

Vnworthy of releeſe
That craued it too late;
Too late I finde, (I finde too well)
Too well, ſtoode my eſtate.

Behold, ſuch is the end,
That pleaſure doth procure,
Of nothing elſe but care and plaint,
Can ſne the minde aſſure.

Forſaken firſt by grace,
By pleaſure now forgotten,
Her paine I feele, but graces wage,
Haue others from me gotten.

Then grace, where is the ioy
That makes thy torments ſweete;
VVhere is the cauſe that many thought,
Their deaths through thee but meete.

VVhere thy diſdaine of ſinne,
Thy ſecret ſweete delight;
Thy ſparks of bliſſe, thy heauenly ioyes,
That ſhined erſt ſo bright?

O that they were not loſt,
Or I could it excuſe;

O that a dreame of fained loſſe,
My iudgement did abuſe.

O fraile inconſtant fleſh,
Soone trapt in euery ginne;
Soone wrought thus to betray thy ſoule,
And plunge thy ſelfe in ſinne.

Yet hate I but the fault,
And not the faulty one:
Ne can I rid from me the mate,
That forceth me to moane.

To moane a ſinners caſe,
Then which, was neuer worſe;
In Prince or poore, in young or olde,
In bliſs'd, or full of curſe.

Yet Gods muſt I remaine,
By death, by wrong, by ſhame;
I cannot blot out of my hart,
That grace writ in his name.

I cannot ſet at naught
vvhom I haue held ſo deere:
I cannot make him ſeeme a farre,
That is in deede ſo neere.

Not that I looke hence-forth
For loue that earſt I found;

Sith that I brake my plighted truth,
To build on fickle ground.

Yet that ſhall neuer faile,
vvhich my faith bare in hand:
I gaue my vow, my vow gaue me,
Both vow and gift ſhall ſtand.

But ſince that I haue ſinn'd,
And ſcourge none is too ill;
I yeeld me captiue to my curſe,
My hard fate to fulfill.

The ſolitarie VVood
My Cittie ſhall become,
The darkeſt dennes ſhall be my Lodge,
In which I reſt or come.

A ſandie plot my board,
The wormes my feaſt ſhall be,
vvhere-with my carcaſſe ſhall be fed,
Vntill they feede on me.

My teares ſhall be my wine,
My bed a craggy Rock;
My harmonie the Serpents hiſſe,
The ſcreeching Owle my clock.

My exerciſe remorſe,
And doleſull ſinners layes,

My booke remembrance of my crimes,
And faults of former dayes.

My walke the path of plaint,
My proſpect into hell;
vvhere Iudas and his curſed crue,
In endleſſe paines doe dwell.

And though I ſeeme to vſe
The faining Poets ſtile,
To figure forth my carefull plight,
My fall, and my exile:

Yet is my greefe not fain'd,
vvherein I ſtarue and pine,
vvho feeles the moſt, ſhall think it leaſt,
If his compare with mine.

Dauids Peccaui.

IN eaues, ſole Sparrowe ſits not more alone,
Nor mourning Pellican in Deſert wilde:
Then ſilly I, that ſolitarie mone,
From higheſt hopes to hardeſt hap exilde:
Sometime (ô bliſfull time) was vertues meede,
Ayme to my thoughts, guide to my word and deede.

But

But feares are now my Pheares, griefe my delight,
My teares my drink, my familiar thoughts my bread;
Day full of dumps, Nurſe of vnreſt the night,
my garments gyues, a bloody field my bed,
My ſleepe is rather death, then deaths allie,
Yet kill'd with murd'ring pangues, I cannot die.

This is the chaunce of my ill changed choyſe,
Ruth for my reſt, for comforts cares I finde;
To pleaſant tunes ſucceedes a plaining voyce,
The dolefull ecchoe of my wayling minde:
VVhich taught to know the worth of vertues ioyes,
Doth hate it ſelfe for louing fancies toyes.

If wiles of wit had ouer-wrought my will,
Or ſubtle traines miſled my ſteppes awrie,
My foile had found excuſe in want of skill,
Ill deede I might, though not ill doome denie:
But wit and will muſt now confeſſe with ſhame,
Both deede and doome, to haue deſerued blame.

I Fanſie deem'd fit guide to leade my way,
And as I deem'd, I did purſue her track;
VVit loſt his ayme, and will was Fancies pray,
The Rebels wan, the Rulers went to wrack:
But now ſith fanſie did with folly end,
VVit bought with loſſe, will taught by wit, will mend.

Sinnes heauie loade.

O Lord my ſinnes doth ouer-charge thy breſt,
The poyſe thereof doth force thy knees to bow;
Yea flat thou falleſt with my faults oppreſt,
And bloody ſweat runs trickling from thy brow:
But had they not to earth thus preſſed thee,
Much more they would in hell haue peſtred mee.

This Globe of earth doth thy one finger prop,
The world thou doo'ſt within thy hand embrace;
Yet all this waight of ſweat drew not a drop,
Ne made thee bow, much leſſe fall on thy face:
But now thou haſt a loade ſo heauy found,
That makes thee bow, yea fall flat to the ground.

O ſinne, how huge and heauie is thy waight,
That wayeſt more then all the world beſide?
Of which when Chriſt had taken in his fraight
The poyſe thereof his fleſh could not abide;
Alas, if God himſelfe ſinke vnder ſinne,
vvhat will become of man that dies therein.

Firſt, flat thou fel'ſt, when earth did thee receaue,
In cloſet pure of Maries virgin breſt;
And now thou fall'ſt of earth to take thy leaue,
Thou kiſſeſt it as cauſe of thy vnreſt:
O louing Lord that ſo dooſt loue thy foe,
As thus to kiſſe the ground where he doth goe.

Thou minded in thy heauen our earth to weare,
Doo'ſt proſtrate now thy heauen our earth to bliſſe;
As God, to earth thou often wert ſeuere,
As man, thou call'ſt a peace with bleeding kiſſe:
For as of ſoules thou common Father art,
So is ſhe Mother of mans other part.

She ſhortly was to drink thy deareſt blood,
And yeeld thy ſoule away to ſathans caue;
She ſhortly was thy corſe in tombe to ſhrowd,
And with them all thy deitie to haue:
Now then in me thou ioyntly yeeldeſt all,
That ſeuerally to earth ſhould ſhortly fall.

O proſtrate Chriſt, erect my crooked minde,
Lord let thy fall my flight from earth obtaine;
Or if I needes muſt ſtill in earth be ſhrinde,
Then Lord on earth come fall yet once againe:
And eyther yeeld in earth with me to lie,
Or elſe with thee to take me to the skie.

Ioſephs Amazement.

WHen Chriſt by growth diſcloſed his deſent,
Into the pure receipt of Maries breſt;
Poore Ioſeph ſtranger yet to Gods intent,
vvith doubts of iealous thoughts was ſore oppreſt:
And wrought with diuers fits of feare and loue,
He neither can her free, nor faulty proue.

Now ſince the wakefull ſpie of iealous minde,
By ſtrong coniectures deemeth her defilde;
But loue in doome of things beſt loued blinde,
Thinks rather ſence deceau'd, then her with childe:
Yet proofes ſo pregnant were, that no pretence
Could cloake a thing ſo cleare and plaine to ſence,

Then Ioſeph daunted with a deadly wound,
Let looſe the raines of vndeſerued griefe,
His hart did throb, his eyes in teares were drownd,
His life a loſſe, death ſeem'd his beſt reliefe:
The pleaſing relliſh of his former loue,
In gauliſh thoughts to bitter taſt doth proue.

One foote he often ſetteth out of dore,
But t'other loath vncertaine wayes to tread;
He takes his fardle for his needefull ſtore,
He caſts his Inne where firſt he meanes to bed:
But ſtill ere he can frame his feete to goe,
Loue winneth time, till all conclude in no.

Sometimes griefe adding force he doth depart,
He will againſt his will keepe on his pace;
But ſtraight remorſe ſo racks his raging hart,
That haſting thoughts yeeld to a pauſing pace:
Then mighty reaſons preſſe him to remaine,
She whom he flies doth winne him home againe.

But when his thought by ſight of his aboade,
Preſents the ſigne of miſeſteemed ſhame;
Repenting euery ſtep that back he troade,
Teares done, the guides, the tong, the feet doth blame:
Thus warring with himſelfe a field he fights,
vvhere euery wound vpon the giuer lights.

And was (quoth he) my loue ſo lightly pris'd,
Or was our ſacred league ſo ſoone forgot;
Could vowes be voyd, could vertues be diſpis'd;
Could ſuch a ſpouſe be ſtain'd with ſuch a ſpot:
O wretched Ioſeph that hath liu'd ſo long,
Of faithfull loue to reape ſo greeuous wrong.

Could

Could ſuch a worme breed in ſo ſweet a vvood,
Could in ſo chaſt demeanure lurke vntruth;
Could vice lie hid where Vertues image ſtood,
vvhere hoarie ſageneſſe graced tender youth:
vvhere can affiance reſt to reſt ſecure,
In vertues faireſt ſeate faith is not ſure.

All prooſes did promiſe hope a pledge of grace,
vvhoſe good might haue repay'd the deepeſt ill;
Sweet ſignes of pureſt thoughts in ſaintly face,
Aſſur'd the eye of her vnſtayned will,
Yet in this ſeeming luſtre, ſeeme to lie,
Such crimes for which the law condemnes to die.

But Ioſephs word ſhall neuer worke her woe,
I wiſh her leaue to liue, not doome to die;
Though fortune mine, yet am I not her foe,
She to her ſelfe leſſe louing is then I:
The moſt I will, the leaſt I can is this,
Sith none may ſalue, to ſhunne that is amiſſe.

Exile my home, the wildes ſhall be my walke,
Complaint my ioy, my muſick mourning layes;
vvith penſiue griefes in ſilence will I talke,
Sad thoughts ſhall be my guides in ſorrowes wayes:
This courſe beſt ſutes the care of careleſſe minde,
That ſeekes to looſe, what moſt it ioy'd to finde.

Like ſtocked tree whoſe branches all doe fade,
vvhoſe leaues doe fall, and periſht fruite decay;
Like hearbe that growes in cold and barren ſhade,
vvhere darknes driues all quickning heate away:
So die muſt I, cut from my roote of ioy,
And throwne in darkeſt ſhades of deepe annoy.

But who can flie from that his hart doth feele?
vvhat change of place can change implanted paine?
Remouing, moues no hardnes from the ſteele,
Sicke harts that ſhift no fits, ſhift roomes in vaine:
vvhere thought can ſee, what helps the cloſed eye?
VVhere hart purſues, what gaines the foote to flie?

Yet ſtill I tread a maze of doubtfull ende;
I goe, I come, ſhe drawes, ſhe driues away,
She wounds, ſhe heales, ſhe doth both marre and mende,
She makes me ſeeke, and ſhunne, depart, and ſtay:
She is a friend to loue, a foe to loth,
And in ſuſpence I hang betweene them both.

New

New Prince, new pompe.

BEhold a silly tender Babe,
in freesing VVinter night;
In homely manger trembling lies,
Alas a pitteous sight:
The Innes are full, no man will yeeld,
This little Pilgrime bed;
But forc'd he is with silly beasts,
In Crib to shrowd his head.
Despise him not for lying there,
First what he is enquire:
As orient pearle is often found,
In depth of dirty mire,
VVaigh not his Crib, his wooden dish,
Nor beasts that by him feede:
VVaigh not his Mothers poore attire,
Nor Iosephs simple weede.
This stable is a Princes Court,
The Crib his chaire of state:
The beasts are parcell of his pompe,
The wooden dish his plate.
The persons in that poore attire,
His royall liuories weare,
The Prince himselfe is com'd from heauen,
This pompe is prized there.

VVith

VVith ioy approach ô Chriſtian wight,
Doe homage to thy King;
And highly praiſe his humble pompe,
vvhich he from heauen dooth bring.

The burning Babe.

AS I in hoarie Winters night ſtoode ſhiuering in the ſnow,
Surpris'd I was with ſodaine heate, which made my hart to glow;
And lifting vp a fearefull eye, to view what fire was neare,
A pretty Babe all burning bright did in the ayre appeare;
Who ſcorched with exceſſiue heate, ſuch floods of teares did ſhed,
As though his floods ſhould quench his flames, which with his teares were (bred:
Alas (quoth he) but newly borne, in fierie heates I frie,
Yet none approach to warme their harts or ſeele my fire, but I;
My faultleſſe breaſt the furnace is, the fuell wounding thornes:
Loue is the fire, and ſighs the ſmoake, the aſhes ſhames and ſcornes;
The fewell Iuſtice layeth on, and Mercie blowes the coales,
The mettall in this furnace wrought, are mens defiled ſoules:
For which, as now on fire I am to worke them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath, to waſh them in my blood.
With this he vaniſht out of ſight, and ſwiftly ſhrunk away,
And ſtraight I called vnto minde, that it was Chriſtmaſſe day.

New heauen, new warre.

COme to your heauen you heauenly quires,
Earth hath the heauen of your deſires;
Remoue your dwelling to your God,
A ſtall is now his beſt abode;
Sith men their homage doe denie,
Come Angels all their fault ſupplie.

His chilling cold doth heate require,
Come Seraphins in liew of fire;
This little Arke no couer hath,
Let Cherubs wings his body ſwath:
Come Raphaell, this Babe muſt eate,
Prouide our little Tobie meate.

Let Gabriell be now his groome,
That firſt tooke vp his earthly roome;
Let Michaell ſtand in his defence,
vvhom Ioue hath linck'd to feeble ſence,
Let Graces rock when he doth crie,
Let Angels ſing his lullabie.

The ſame you ſaw in heauenly ſeate,
Is he that now ſucks Maries teate;
Agnize your King a mortall wight,
His borrowed weede lets not your ſight:
Come kiſſe the maunger where he lies,
That is your bliſſe aboue the skies.

This little Babe ſo few dayes olde,
Is com'd to ryfle ſathans folde;
All hell doth at his preſence quake,
Though he himſelfe for cold doe ſhake:
For in this weake vnarmed wiſe,
The gates of hell he will ſurpriſe.

VVith teares he fights and winnes the field,
His naked breaſt ſtands for a ſhield;
His battering ſhot are babiſh cryes,
His Arrowes lookes of weeping eyes,
His Martiall enſignes cold and neede,
And feeble fleſh his vvarriers ſteede.

His Campe is pitched in a ſtall,
His bulwarke but a broken wall:
The Crib his trench, hay ſtalks his ſtakes,
Of Sheepheards he his Muſter makes;
And thus as ſure his foe to wound,
The Angells trumps alarum ſound.

My ſoule with Chriſt ioyne thou in fight,
Stick to the tents that he hath dight;
VVithin his Crib is ſureſt ward,
This little Babe will be thy guard:
If thou wilt foyle thy foes with ioy,
Then flit not from the heauenly boy.

FINIS.